

THE

Englishman in Paris.

A

C O M E D Y,

I N T W O A C T S,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane.*

Written by SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

THE FOURTH EDITION.



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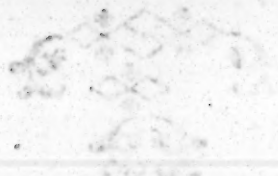
IN TWO ACTS

As it is performed at the

Theatre-royal in Drury-Lane.

Written by JAMES JOHNSON Esq.

THE FOURTH EDITION



P R E F A C E

MY Bookseller informs me, that the Bulk of his Readers, regarding in a Work of this Kind the Quantity more than the Quality, will not be contented without an additional Half-Sheet ; and he apprehends that a short Dedication will answer the Purpose.

But as I have no Obligations to any great Man or Woman in this Country, and as I will take care that no Production of mine shall want their Patronage, I don't know any Person whose good Offices I so much stood in need of as my Bookseller's: Therefore, Mr. VAILLANT, I think myself obliged to you for the Correctness of the Press, the Beauty of the Type, and the Goodness of the Paper, with which you have decorated this Work of

Your humble Servant,

PALL-MALL,
April 21, 1753.

SAM. FOOTE.

P R O L O G U E,

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

SHE. **T**O contradict me! — Blockhead! Idiot!
Fool! Sot!

HE. But amidst these hard Names, our Dispute is
forgot.

To contradict you I know is High-Treason;
For the Will of a Wife is always her Reason.

SHE. No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my Pretension,
And submit to the Pit our Cause of Dissention.

HE. I agree; for the Pit is our natural Lord.

LADIES, ———

SHE. —Hey! How come you to claim the first Word?
GENTLEMEN, my Husband and I have had a Dispute,
Where the Difference lies 'twixt a Man and a Brute;
Which we beg, whilst the Folks for the Farce are pre-
paring,

You would please to decide, and give us the Hearing.
—Hem! Hem!—

After Plutarch of Rome! and Virgil of Greece!
And Iliads, and Eniends, and Authors like these;
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in Laughter consists the true Essence of Man:
Whilst my Husband—

HE. ——— Nay, pray let me state my own Case, }
And I'll make it as clear as the Nose in your Face,
That Hissing in Man preserves the first Place. }
To begin then with Critics:—'Tis their capital Bliss,
Than to laugh—don't you find it more pleasing to hiss?
In this all agree;—Jews! Infidels! Turks!

SHE. I grant it, sweet Sir,—if you mean at your
Works.

Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent Objection;
For every Rule still has its Exception:
Tho' they hiss'd at your Farces, your Pasquin, and Stuff,
At your Tragedy jure they laugh'd hearty enough.

And

P R O L O G U E.

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*And again, Mr. Wiseman, regard the World round,
'Tis in Mankind alone that Laughter is found;
Whilst your favourite Hissing, sage Sir, if you please,
You enjoy but in common with Serpents and Geese.*

SHE. And arn't you ashamed — ('tis no Time to disse-
ble,)

O Critics ! these Creatures in this to resemble ?

*HE. Not a jot ; in this Place 'tis of singular Use,
Of bad Poets and Players to reform the Abuse.*

In the Practice, kind Sirs !, were I fit to advise,

The Hissing like Geese I would have you despise,

And copy the Serpent, — be subtle and wise,

*But free from his Venom. — Well, Sirs ! what d'ye
say ?*

Is your Judgment —

*SHE. ————— Let us wait 'till the End of the
Play :*

In the Progress of that we shall easily find,

Whether Laughing or Hissing is most to their Mind.

HE. I'm sure they will hiss.

SHE. And I hope they'll be kind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BUCK,	Mr. <i>Palmer.</i>
Sir JOHN BUCK,	Mr. <i>Wrighten.</i>
SUBTLE,	Mr. <i>Waldron.</i>
CLASSIC,	Mr. <i>Packer.</i>
MARQUIS,	Mr. <i>Lamash.</i>
Dancing-Master,	Mr. <i>R. Palmer.</i>
ROGER,	Mr. <i>Griffith.</i>
Mrs. SUBTLE,	Mrs. <i>Love.</i>
LUCINDA,	Miss. <i>Collet.</i>

Servants, &c.

THE
Englishman in Paris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. SUBTLE and Mr. CLASSIC.

Mr. SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be ; but still
I say that a *Frenchman*----

Classic. Is a Fop ; it is their national Disease ; not one of the Qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes its Origin to a Foible ; their Taste is Trifling, their Gaiety Grimace, and their Politeness Pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-dey ! Why what the Duce brings you to *Paris* then ?

Class. A Debt to Friendship ; not but I think a short Residence here a very necessary Part in every Man of Fashion's Education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the Use ?

Class. In giving them a true Relish for their own domestic Happiness, a proper veneration for their national Liberties ; a contempt for Adulation ; and an Honour for the extended, generous Commerce of their Country.

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Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Master *Classic*; the Traders here are a sharp Set; cozening People; Foreigners are their Food; Civilities with a---Aye! aye! a Congee for a Crown, and a Shrug for a Shilling; devilish dear, Master *Classic*, devilish dear.

Class. To avoid their Exactions, we are, Mr *Subtle*, recommended to your Protection.

Mr. Sub. Aye! and wisely they did who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my Lady's Recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your Charge? Where was Mr. *Buck* last Night? My Lady made a Party at Cards on purpose for him, and my Ward *Lucinda* is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Class. I am afraid with the same Set his Father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a Taste for the Gallantries of this Court, and his Passion for the lower Amusements of ours will diminish of Course.

Mr. Sub. All the Fraternity of Men-makers are for that Purpose without; Taylors, Peruquiers, Hatters, Hosiers—Is not that Mr. *Buck's* English Servant?

Enter Roger.

Class. Oh! aye, honest Roger. So, the old

old Doings, *Roger*; what time did your Master come Home?

Rog. Between Five and Six, pummell'd to a Jelly: Here been two of his old Comrades follow'd un already; I count we shall ha' the whole Gang in a Se'nnight.

Class. Comrades, who?

Rog. *Dick Daylight* and *Bob Breadbasket* the Bruisers: They all went to the Shew together, where they had the Devil to pay; belike they had been sent to *Bridewell*, hadn't a great Gentleman in a blue String come by and releas'd them.—I hear Master's Bell; do, Master *Classic*, step up and talk to'un; he's now sober, and may hearken to Reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr. *Subtle*, you won't be out of the Way.

Mr. Sub. I shall talk a little with the Tradesmen. A smoaky Fellow this *Classic*; but if *Lucinda* plays her Cards well, we have not much to fear from that Quarter: Contradiction seems to be the Life and Soul of young *Buck*.—A tolerable Expedition this, if it succeeds—Fleece the Younger!—Pshaw, that's a Thing of Course!—but by his Means to get rid of *Lucinda*, and securely pocket her Patrimony;—aye! that indeed----

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh! Wife! Have you open'd the Plot?
Does the Girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first; but I have opened her Eyes. Never fear, my Dear, sooner or later Women will attend to their Interest.

Mr. Sub. Their Interest! aye, that's true; but consider, my Dear, how deeply our own Interest is concern'd, and let that quicken your Zeal.

Mr. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the Girl has got such whimsical Notions of Honour, and is withal so decent and modest: I wonder where the duce she got it; I am sure it was not in my House.

Mr. Sub. How does she like *Buck's* Person?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prythee, Husband, leave her to my Management, and consider we have more Irons in the Fire than one. Here is the *Marquis de Soleil* to meet *Madam de Farde* to Night,—and where to put 'em, unless we can have *Buck's* Apartment—Oh! by the bye, has *Count Cog* sent you your Share out of *Mr. Puntwell's* Losings a *Thursday*?

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this Morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail! He's a slippery Chap you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty Countrywoman lays about her handsomely! Ha!—Hearts by Hundreds! Hum!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Aye! that's a noble Prize, if we could but manage her; but she's so indiscreet, that she'll be blown before we have made half our Market. I am this Morning to give Audience on her Score, to two Counts and a foreign Minister.

Mr. Sub. Then strike whilst the Iron's hot: But they'll be here before I can talk to my People; send 'em in prythee.

Enter Tradesmen.

Mr. Sub. So, Gentlemen; Oh! hush! we are interrupted: If they ask for your Bills, you have left them at Home.

Enter Buck, Claffie, and Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Master *Subtle*, how do'st, old Buck, hey? Give's thy Paw! And little *Lucy* how fares it with she? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the Matter, Squire? Your Face seems a little in Deshabille.

Buck. A Touch of the Times, old Boy! a small Skirmish; after I was down tho', a Set of cowardly Sons of——; there's *George* and I will box any five for their Sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it? The *French* are generally civil to strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall seven or eight

eight upon three : Seven or eight ! Ecod we had the whole House upon us at last.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done ?

Buck. Done ! Why nothing at all ! But Wounds ! how the Powder flew about, and the Monsieurs scour'd.

Mr. Sub. But what Offence had either they or you committed ?

Buck. Why I was telling Domine, last Night, *Dick Daylight*, *Bob Breadbasket*, and I, were walking through one of their *Rues* I think they call them here, they are Streets in *London*; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way Names for Things, that there is no remembering them : so we see Crowds of People going into a House, and *Comedy* pasted over the Door ; in we troop'd with the rest, pay'd our Cash, and sat down on the Stage : presently they had a Dance ; and one of the young Women with long Hair trailing behind her, stood with her Back to a Rail just by me : Ecod what does me ! for nothing in the World but a Joke, as I hope for Mercy, but ties her Locks to the Rail ; so when 'twas her Turn to figure out, fouse she flapp'd on her Back ; 'twas devilish comical, but they set up such an Uproar, one whey-fac'd Son of a Bitch, that came to loose the Woman, turn'd up his Nose, and call'd me *Bête* ; Ecod, I lent him a Lick in his Lanthorn Jaws, that will make him remember the Spawn of old *Marlborough*, I

war-

warrant him. Another came up to second him, but I let drive at the Mark, made the Soup-Maigre rumble in his Bread-basket, and laid him sprawling. Then in pour'd a Million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's *Lucy*? I'll go see her.

Class. Oh fie! Ladies are treated here with a little more Ceremony: Mr. *Subtle* too has collected these People, who are to equip you for the conversation of the Ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all these! What, Mr. *Subtle*, these are Mounseeres too I suppose?

Mr. Sub. No! Squire, they are *Englishmen*. Fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but Foreigners at home, you must take up with your own Countrymen here.

Class. It is not in this Instance alone we are particular, Mr. *Subtle*; I have observ'd many of our pretty Gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native Language here, sputter nothing but bad *French* in the Side-boxes at Home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your Wife, and Miss *Lucy*, I like you all well enough; but the Devil a good Thing else have I seen since I lost Sight of *Dover*; the Men are all Puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning; the Women a Parcel of painted Dolls: their Food's fit for Hogs; and as for their Language, let them learn it that like it, I'll
none

none on't; no, nor their Frippery neither: So here you may all march to the place from whence you —— Harkee! What are you an *Englishman*?

Barber. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! look here, what a Monster the Monkey has made of himself! Sirrah, if your String was long enough, I'd do your business myself, you Dog, to sink a bold *Briton* into such a sneaking, snivelling——the Rascal looks as if he had not had a Piece of Beef and Pudding in his Paunch these twenty Years; I'll be hang'd if the Rogue ha'nt been fed upon Frogs ever since he came over. Away with your Trumpery!

Claff. Mr. *Buck*, a Compliance with the Customs of the Country in which we live, where neither our Religion or Morals are concern'd, is a Duty we owe ourselves.

Mr. Sub. Besides, Squire, *Lucinda* expects that you should usher her to public Places, which it would be impossible to do in that Dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that.——No! no! they ha'nt Spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these Fellows here are *English*, and it is the Fashion, try on your Fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. *Dauphine*, come produce
—Upon

—Upon my Word, in an elegant Taste, Sir: this Gentleman has had the Honour---

Dauph. To work for all the Beaux Esprits of the Court. My good Fortune commenc'd by a small Alteration in a Cut of the Corner of the Sleeve for Count *Crib*; but the Addition of a ninth Plait in the Skirt of Marshal *Tonerre*, was applauded by Madam la Duchesse *Rambouillet*, and totally establish'd the Reputation of your humble Servant.

Buck. Hold your Jaw and dispatch.

Mr. Sub. A Word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam *de Rambouillet*.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie! Who minds the Religion of a pretty Woman? Besides, all this Country are of the same.

Buck. For that Reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je suis *Peruquier*, Monsieur.

Buck. Speak *English*, you Son of a Whore.

Barb. I am a *Periwig-maker*, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first? What are you ashamed of your Mother Tongue? I knew this Fellow was a Puppy

Puppy by his Pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy Work.

Barb. As I found you were in a Hurry, I have brought you, Sir, something that will do for the present: But a Peruke is a different *Ouvrage*, another Sort of a Thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the Colour of the Complexion, and the *Tour de Visage*, the Form of the Face; for which end, it will be necessary to regard your Countenance in different Lights: — A little to the Right, if you please.

Buck. Why you Dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your Wig *comme il faut*.

Buck. Sirrah, speak another *French* Word, and I'll kick you down stairs.

Barb. Gad's Curse! Would you resemble some of your Countrymen, who, at their first Importation with nine Hairs of a Side to a brawny Pair of Cheeks, look like a *Saracen's* Head! Or else their Water-gruel Jaws, sunk in a Thicket of Curls, appear, for all the World, like a Lark in a Soup-dish!

Mr. Sub. Come, Squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, what must I do?

[Places him in a Chair.]

Barb.

Barb. To the Right, Sir ; —now to the Left ;—now your Full ;—and now, Sir, I'll do your Business.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourself a little ; see what a Revolution this has occasion'd in your whole Figure.

Buck. Yes ! a bloody pretty Figure indeed ! But 'tis a Figure I am damnably ashamed of : I would not be seen by *Jack Wildfire* or *Dick Riot* for fifty Pounds, in this Trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my Honour, Dress greatly improves you. Your Opinion, *Mr. Classic*.

Class. They do mighty well, Sir ; and in a little Time *Mr. Buck* will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I ! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, *Mr. Subtle*. What must I do now ?

Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my Wife, you'll find *Lucinda* with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along, Domine ! But harkee, *Mr. Subtle*, I'll out of my Trammels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr. Sub. Well ! Well !

Buck. I'll on with my Jemmys ; none of your black Bags and Jack Boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No ! No !

Buck. I'll shew them the Odds on't ! Old *Silver-Tail* ! I will ! Hey !

Mr. Sub. Ay ! ay !

Buck. Hedge, Stake, or Stile ! over we go !

B

Mr.

Mr. Sub. Ay! but *Mr. Classic* waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! Impossible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a Chace she carry'd me last *Christmas* Eve? We unken-nell'd at ———.

Mr. Sub. I am busy now; at any other Time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my Hounds and Horses.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They shall make the Tour of *Europe* with me: And then there's *Tom Atkins* the Huntsman, the two Whippers-in, and little *Joey* the Groom comes with them. Dammy, what a strange Place they'll think this? But no Matter for that; then we shall be Company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten Minutes! — An impatient Jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, Gentlemen; well, you see we have a good Subject to work upon. Harkee, *Dauphine*, I must have more than 20 *per Cent.* out of that Suit.

Dauph. Upon my Soul, *Mr. Subtle*, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! Sir! Why as I hope to be—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourself, *Dauphine*; don't be a Rogue; did
not

not I see at Madam *Fripon's* that Waistcoat and Sleeves upon Colonel *Crambo*?

Dauph. As to the Waistcoat and Sleeves, I own---but for the Body and Lining---may I never see---

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a Scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must.

Mr. Sub. Oh! *Solitaire*! I can't pay that Draft of Mr. --- these six Weeks; I want Money.

Soli. Je suis dans le meme cas---Je---

Mr. Sub. What d'ye mutiny, Rascal? About your Business, or---

[*Exeunt.*

I must keep these Fellows under, or I shall have a fine Time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. The *Calais* Letters! my Dear.

Mr. Sub. (*reads*) Ah! ah! *Calais*---the *Dover* Packet arrived last Night, Loading as follows: Six Taylors, ditto Barbers, five Milliners, bound for *Paris* to study Fashions; four Citizens come to settle here for a Month by way of seeing the Country; ditto their Wives; ten *French* Valets, with nine Cooks, all from *Newgate*, where they had been sent for robbing their Masters; nine Figure-dancers, exported in *September* ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good Case;

twelve Dogs, ditto Bitches, with two Monkeys, and a Litter of Puppies, from Mother *Midnight's* in the *Haymarket*: A precious Cargo!—*Postscript*. One of the Coasters is just put in, with his Grace the Duke of —, my Lord —, and an old Gentleman, whose Name I can't learn. Gadso! Well, my Dear, I must run, and try to secure these Customers; there's no Time to be lost: Mean while---

Enter Classic.

So, Master *Classic*, what have you left the young Couple together?

Class. They want your Ladyship's Presence, Madam, for a short Tour to the *Tuilleries*. I have received some Letters which I must answer immediately.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Well! Well! no Ceremony; we are all of a family you know. Servant. [Exit,

Class. Roger!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon!

Class. I have just received a Letter from your old Master; he was landed at *Calais*, and will be this Evening at *Paris*. It is absolutely necessary that this Circumstance should be conceal'd from his Son; for which Purpose you must wait at the *Piccardy Gate*, and deliver a Letter I shall give you, into his own Hand.

Rog

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Class. But, *Roger*, be secret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Class. So, Mr. *Subtle*, I see your Aim.

A pretty Lodging we have hit upon; the Mistress a Commode, and the Master a--- But who can this Ward be? Possibly the neglected Punk of some riotous Man of Quality, 'Tis lucky Mr. *Buck's* Father is arriv'd, or my Authority would prove but an insufficient Match for my Pupil's Obstinacy. This mad Boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a Task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an Experiment is it to expose our Youth, in the very Fire and Fury of their Blood, to all the Follies and Extravagance of this fantastic Court? Far different was the prudent Practice of our Forefathers:

*They scorn'd to truck, for base, unmanly Arts,
 Their native Plainness, and their honest Hearts;
 Whene'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,
 'Twas arm'd with bearded Dart, and pointed Lance.
 No pompous Pageants lur'd their curious Eye,
 No Charms for them had Fops or Flattery;
 Paris they knew, their Streamers wav'd around,
 There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.
 Far other Views attract our modern Race,
 Trulls, Toupees, Trinkets, Bags, Brocades, and Lace;
 A flaunting Form, and a fictitious Face.
 Rouge! re-assume! refuse a Gallic Reign,
 Nor let their Arts win that their Arms could never gain.*

End of the First Act.

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ACT II.

Enter Mr. Classic and Roger.

ROGER.

OLD Maister's at a Coffee-house next Street, and will tarry till you send for 'un.

Class. Bye and bye, in the Dusk, bring him up the back Stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Class. Let Sir John know, that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the House an Instant.

Rog. Ay, ay. *[Exit Roger]*

Class. I suppose, by this Time, Matters are pretty well settled within, and my Absence only wanted to accomplish the Scene but I shall take Care to——— Oh! Mr *Subtle* and his Lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my Dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my Abilities for forming a Female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the Baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the Booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free but then so reserv'd: Oh! she has him!

Mr.

Mrs. Sub. Ay! ay! the Fish is hook'd; but then safely to land him.----Is *Classic* suspicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I observe; but the Secret must soon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore dispatch: I have laid a Trap to enflame his Affection,

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He shall be treated with a Display of *Lucy's* Talents; her singing, dancing.

Mr. Sub. Pshaw! her singing and dancing!

Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, Husband, half the Force of these Accomplishments in a fashionable Figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her Execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no Reason; she does both well enough to flatter a Fool; especially with Love for her second: Besides, I have a Coup de Maitre, a sure Card.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A Rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?

Mrs. Sub. The Language-Master: He may be easily equipt for the Expedition; a second-hand tawdry Suit of Cloaths will pass him on our Countryman for a Marquis; and then, to excuse his speaking our Language so well, he may have been educated early in *England*. But hush! the Squire approaches; don't seem to observe him.

Enter Buck.

For my Part, I never saw any Thing so alter'd since I was born : In my Conscience, I believe she's in Love with him.

Buck. Hush ! [*Aside.*]

Mr. Sub. D'ye think so ?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the Wonder ? He's a pretty, good-humour'd, sprightly Fellow ; and, for the Time, such an Improvement ! Why he wears his Cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at *Paris* these twenty Years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed ! How does he dance ?

Mrs. Sub. Why he has had but three Lessons from *Marseil*, and he moves already like *Dupré*. Oh ! three Months Stay here will render him a perfect Model for the *English* Court.

Mr. Sub. Gadso ! No wonder then, with these Qualities, that he has caught the Heart of my Ward ; but we must take Care that the Girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh ! dismiss your Fears ; her Family, good Sense, and, more than all, her being educated under my Eye, render them unnecessary : Besides, *Mr. Buck* is too much a Man of Honour to ———

[*He interrupts them.*]

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bless me ! Sir ! you here ! I did not expect——

Buck.

Buck. I beg pardon ; but all that I heard was, that Mr. *Buck* was a Man of Honour. I wanted to have some Chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you alone with my Wife.

Buck. So you may safely ; I have other Game in View. Servant, Mr. *Subtle*.

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling Scene ; I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. *Buck*, your Commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, Madam,—I ah—I ah—
—but let's shut the Door : I was, Madam,
—ah ! ah ! Can't you guess what I want to talk about ?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try ; upon my Soul I'll tell you if you're right.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impossible for me to divine : But come, open a little.

Buck. Why, have you observ'd nothing ?

Mrs. Sub. About who ?

Buck. Why, about me !

Mrs. Sub. Yes ; you are new-dress'd, and your Cloaths become you.

Buck. Yes ! Pretty well ; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it ?

Buck. Why, ah ! ah !----Upon my Soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then it's to no Purpose to wait : Write your Mind.

Buck. No ! No ! Stop a Moment, and I will tell.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine Girl; and I should be glad to——

Mrs. Sub. To——Bless me! What! Mr. Buck! And in my House! Oh! Mr. Buck you have deceiv'd me! Little did I think that, under the Appearance of so much Honesty, you could go to——ruin the poor Girl.

Buck. Upon my Soul you're mistaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor Orphan too! Depriv'd in her earliest Infancy of a Father's Prudence, and a Mother's Care.

Buck. Why I tell you——

Mrs. Sub. So sweet, so lovely an Innocence; her Mind as spotless as her Person.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir! Where had you your Thoughts of me? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a——

Buck. The Woman's bewitch'd!

Mrs. Sub. I! whose untainted Reputation the blistering Tongue of Slander never blasted. Full fifteen Years, in Wedlock's sacred Bands, have I liv'd unreprouch'd and now to——

Buck. Odds Fury! She's in Heroics!

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whose fair Outside and bewitching Tongue had

far lull'd my Fears, I dar'd have trusted all my Daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my Soul! and so you might safely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your Defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What you are got pretty well to the End of your Line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a Bit, we may make a Shift to understand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my Fears.

Buck. Ease you of your Fears! I don't know how the Devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss *Lucy* was a fine Wench; and if she was as willing as me,—

Mrs. Sub. Willing! Sir! What Demon—

Buck. If you are in your Airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why that if she lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your Drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your Wish too much; there are numerous Obstacles; your Father's Consent, the Law of the Land,—

Buck. What Laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandestine Marriages are void in this Country.

Buck.

Buck. Damn the Country : In London now, a Footman may drive to *May-Fair*, and in five Minutes be tack'd to a Countess ; but there's no Liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate Couples have indeed gone off Post to Protestant States ; but I hope my Ward will have more Prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me ?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, she does.

Buck. Does she, by —

Mrs. Sub. Calm your Transports.

Buck. Well ! But how ? She did not, did she ! Hey ! Come now, tell —

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming ; this is her Hour for Music and Dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a Peep ?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this Corner.

Enter Lucinda, with Singing and Dancing-Masters.

Luc. The News, the News, Monsieur *Gamut* ; I die, if I have not the first Intelligence ! What's doing at *Versailles* ? When goes the Court to *Marli* ? Does *Rameau* write the next Opera ? What say the Critics of *Voltaire's Duc de Foix* ? Answer me all in a Breath !

Buck. A brave-spirited Girl ! She'll take a five-barr'd Gate in a Fortnight.

Gam.

Gam. The Conversation of the Court your Ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your Appearance.

Luc. Oh! you Flatterer! have I! Well and what fresh Victims? But 'tis impossible; the Sunshine of a northern Beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy Heart of a French Courtier.

Gam. What Injustice to your own Charms and our Discernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have Fire enough to warm one *British* Bosom, rule! rule! ye *Paris* Belles! I envy not your Conquests.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Hush!

Luc. But come, a Truce to Gallantry, *Gamut*, and to the Business of the Day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly: But come, for your last Lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the Words?

Luc. Oh! Charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *Coup d' Essai*.

Gam. Take Care of your Expression; let your Eyes and Address accompany the Sound and Sentiment.

Luc. But, dear *Gamut*, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam.

Gam. Allons, commencés.

S O N G.

I.

*PAR un matin Lisette se leva,
Et dans un bois feulette s'en alla.*

Ta, la, la, &c.

II.

*Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de là,
Dans un buisson le Rossignol chanta.*

Ta, la, la, &c.

III.

*Tout doucement elle s'en approcha,
Saviez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.*

Ta, la, la.

IV.

*C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit là,
Le bel Oiseau dit elle que voila.*

Ta, la, la.

V.

*La pauvre enfant le prit, le caressa,
Sous son mouchoir en riant le plaça.*

Ta, la, la.

VI.

*Son petit cœur aussitot s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne sçait ce quelle a.*

Ta, la, la.

VII.

VII.

elle s'en va se plaindre à son Papa,
En lui parlant la belle soupira.

Ta, la, la.

VIII.

Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit déjà,
Lui dit je sçais un remède à cela.

Ta, la, la.

IX.

Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fermement le lia.

Ta, la, la.

X.

Dans la voliere aussitôt l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.

Ta, la, la.

XI.

Heureusement la belle s'en tira,
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce secret la.

Ta, la, la.

XII.

Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu' à Lissette il joua.

Ta, la, la.

Gam. Bravo ! Bravo !

Buck. Bravo ! Bravissimo ! My Lady, what
was the Song about ? [Aside to my Lady.

Mrs. Sub. Love : 'Tis her own composing.
Buck.

Buck. What, does she make Verses then?
Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the Subject of these.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think so? Gad! I thought by her ogling 'twas the Music-master himself.

Luc. Well, Mr. Gamut; tolerably well for so young a Scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyship's Progress will undoubtedly fix my Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your Servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your Dancing-Master, Monsieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't possibly take Lesson this Morning, I am so busy; but if you please, I'll just hobble over a Minuet by way of Exercise.

Enter a Servant. [After the Dance]

Serv. Monsieur le Marquis de —

Luc. Admit him this Instant.

Mrs. Sub. A Lover of *Lucinda*, a Frenchman of Fashion, and vast Fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his Business, I'll warrant you.

Enter

W A N N I N G P A R I S H

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Marq. *Ma chere adorable!* 'Tis an Age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! An Eternity! But 'tis your own Fault, though.

Marq. My Misfortune, *ma Princesse!* But now I'll redeem my Error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a Shift to transplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your Absence has distress'd me. Demand of these Gentlemen the melancholy Mood of my Mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and sing, and drive care to the—Ha! Monsieur *Kitteau!* have you practis'd this Morning?

Luc. I had just given my Hand to *Kitteau* before you came.

Marq. I was in Hopes that Honour would have been reserved for me. May I flatter myself that your Ladyship will do me the Honour of venturing upon the Fatigue of another Minuet this Morning with me?

Enter Buck briskly. Takes her Hand.

Buck. Not that you know of, Monsieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! Quelle Bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monsieur *Ragout*, if you repeat that word *Bête*, I shall make you

C

swallow

swallow it again, as I did last Night one of your Countrymen.

Marq. *Quel Sauvage!*

Buck. And another Word; as I know you can speak very good *English*, if you will: When you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious Gentleman? How comes he interested? Some Relation, I suppose!

Buck. No; I'm a Lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a Rival! Eh Morbleu a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give Laws to this Lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular Affection, to knock down every Mortal she likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre*; Hey Monsieur Roast-Beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that Lady for my Wife; consider her as such, and don't chuse to have her soil'd by the impertinent Addresses of every *French Fop*, *A-la-mode de Paris*, Mounseur Fricassfy!

Marq. Fricassfy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A Truce; a Truce, I beseech you Gentlemen; It seems I am the golden Prize for which you plead; produce your Pretensions; you are the Representatives of your respective

respective Countries: Begin, Marquis, for the Honour of *France*; let me hear what Advantages I am to derive from a conjugal Union with you.

Marq. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible; a perpetual Residence in this Paradise of Pleasures; to be the Object of universal Adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form Fashions, hate your Husband, and let him see it; indulge your Gallant, and let t'other know it; run in Debt, and oblige the poor Devil to pay it. He! ma Chere! There are Pleasures for you!

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! These are Allurements for a Woman of Spirit. But don't let us conclude too hastily; hear the other Side: What have you to offer, Mr. *Buck*, in Favour of *England*?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a Woman of Spirit, they give you the same Advantages in *London* as at *Paris*, with a Privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable Right to cheat at Cards in Spite of Detection.

Marq. Pardon me, Sir, we have the same; but I thought this Privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt Thoughts, in a Word, if any Woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the Comforts of Matrimony, the Privilege of hating her Husband, and the

Liberty of committing every Folly and every Vice contained in your Catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me, if I'm a Husband fit for her Humour; that's all.

Marq. I told you, Mademoiselle!

Luc. But stay, what have you to offer a Counterbalance for these Pleasures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, Courage to protect you, Good-nature to indulge your Love, and Health enough to make Gallantry useless, and too good a Fortune to render running in Debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the Sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any Use for the fashionable Liberties you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national Prejudice; here's my hand, Mr. *Buck*.

Buck. Servant, Monsieur.

Marq. Serviteur!

Buck. No Offence!

Marq. Not in the least; I am only afraid the Reputation of that Lady's Taste will suffer a little; and to shew her at once the Difference of her Choice, the Preference, which if bestowed on me, would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring; so that Favour, which would probably have provok'd my Fate, is now your Protection. *Voila la politesse Françoise*, Madam; I have the

the Honour to be—*Bon Jour, Monsieur.*
Sol de rol. [*Exit Marq.*

Buck. The Fellow bears it well. Now if
 you'll give me your Hand, we'll in, and set-
 the Matters with Mr. *Subtle*.

Luc. 'Tis now my Duty to obey.
 [*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, peeping about.

Rog. The Coast is clear; Sir, Sir, you
 may come in now, Master *Classic*.

Enter Mr. Classic and the Father.

Class. Roger, watch at the Door. I wish,
 Sir *John*, I could give you a more chearful
 Welcome, but we have no time to lose in
 Ceremony; you are arrived in the critical
 Minute; two Hours more would have plac'd
 the inconsiderate Couple out of the Reach
 of Pursuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your
 Kindness? You have preserv'd my Son; you
 have sav'd—

Class. I have done my Duty; but of
 that—

Rog. Maister and the young Woman's
 coming.

Cliff. Sir John, place yourself here, and be a Witness how near a Crisis is the Fate of your Family.

Enter Buck and Lucinda.

Buck. Pshaw! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the Fear of my Father. Besides, she told me, we could never be married here; and so pack up a few Things, and we'll off in a Post-Chaise directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. Buck, let me have a Moment's Reflection.—What am I about! Contriving in concert with the most profligate Couple that ever disgrac'd human Nature, to impose an indigent Orphan on the sole Representative of a wealthy and honorable Family! Is this a Character becoming my Birth and Education? What must be the Consequence? Sure Detection and Contempt, Contempt even from him, when his Passions cool.—I have resolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the Expedition we are upon the Point of taking is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over-hasty in our Resolution.

Buck. Pshaw! Stuff! When a Thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolv'd,
give

give me Leave to beg an Answer to two Questions.

Buck. Make Haste then.

Luc. What are your Thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy Girl, and will make a devilish good Wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my Rank and Fortune?

Buck. Mr. *Subtle* says they are both great; but that's no Business of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for Love.

Luc. Generously said! My Birth, I believe, won't disgrace you; but for my Fortune, your Friend, Mr. *Subtle*, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much Good may it do him; I have enough for both. But we lose Time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By Domine; or perhaps Father may come.

Luc. Your Father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pshaw! 'zooks! this is like saying one's Catechise.

Luc. But don't you think your Father's Consent necessary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old Fellows love to be obstinate; but Ecod I am as mulish as he; and to tell you the Truth, if he had propos'd me a Wife, that would have been Reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old Fellow damnably. So, my pretty Partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Father and Clastic.

Fath. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this Declaration, as to it I owe the entire Subjection of that paternal Weakness which has hitherto suspended the Correction your abandon'd Libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the Duty you owe a Father, disclaim'd my Protection, cancell'd the natural Covenant between us; 'tis Time I now should give you up to the Guidance of your own guilty Passions, and treat you as a Stranger to my Blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen, if he should come; but you may thank yourself.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the Dupe of a raw, giddy Girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me;
compleat

compleat your project, and add her Ruin to your own.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please; but for the young Woman, she does not deserve it; but now she wanted me to get your consent, and told me that she had never a Penny of Portion into the Bargain.

Fath. A stale, obvious Artifice! She knew the Discovery of the Fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate Marriage, and would then plead the Merits of her prior candid Discovery. The Lady, doubtless, Sir, has other Secrets to disclose; but, as her Cunning reveal'd the first, her Policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What Secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the Protectress of my own Honour; in Justice to that, I must demand an Explanation. What Secrets, Sir!

Fath. Oh! Perhaps a thousand! But I am to blame to call them Secrets; the Customs of this gay Country give Sanction, and stamp Merit upon Vice; and Vanity will here proclaim what Modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc.

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Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my Virtue then!

Fath. You are a Lady; but the Fears of a Father may be permitted to neglect a little your Plan of Politeness: Therefore to be plain; from your Residence in this House, from your Connection with these People, and from the Scheme which my Presence has interrupted, I have Suspicions—of what Nature, ask yourself.

Luc. Sir, you have Reason, Appearances are against me, I confess, but when you have heard my melancholy Story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Fath. Madam, you misemploy your Time; there tell your Story, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the Wiles of Women, to be soften'd by a Syren Tear, or impos'd on by an artful Tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir, on my Knee, I beg it, nay I demand it; you have wrong'd me, and must do me Justice.

Claff. I am sure, Madam, Sir *John* will be glad to find his Fears are false, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir, and I shall but little trespass on his patience. When you know, Sir, that I am the Orphan of an honourable and once wealthy Family, whom her Father,

ther, misguided by pernicious Politics, brought with him, in her earliest Infancy, to *France*, that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor Remnant of our shatter'd Fortune, to the Direction of this rapacious Pair ; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on !

Luc. But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this Plot ; forced to comply under the Penalty of deepest Want ; without one hospitable Roof to shelter me, without one Friend to comfort or relieve me ; you must, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed !

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your Coming, I had determined never to wed your Son, at least without your Knowledge and Consent, I hope your Justice then will credit and acquit me.

Fath. Madam, your Tale is plausible and moving ; I hope 'tis true ; here come the Explainers of this Riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mr. Sub. Buck's Father !

Fath.

Fath. I'll take some other Time, Sir, to thank you for the last Proofs of your Friendship to my Family; in the mean Time, be so candid as to instruct us in the Knowledge of this Lady, whom, it seems, you have chosen for the Partner of my Son!

Mr. Sub. Mr. Buck's Partner — I chose — I — I —

Fath. No Equivocation or Reserve; your Plot's reveal'd, known to the Bottom; who is the Lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir, --- the Lady's a Gentlewoman, Sir.

Fath. By what Means?

Mr. Sub. By her Father and Mother.

Fath. Who were they, Sir?

Mr. Sub. Her Mother was of — I forget her Maiden Name.

Fath. You han't forgot her Father's?

Mr. Sub. No! No! No!

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I suppose.

Fath. No Matter, I must have it, Sir, from you; here's some Mystery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas *Worthy*.

Fath. Not the Daughter of Sir *Gilbert*.

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Fath. My poor Girl! I indeed have wrong'd, but will redress you; and pray, Sir, after the many pressing Letters you received from

from me, how came this Truth concealed? but I guess your Motive. Dry up your Tears, *Lucinda*, at last you have found a Father. Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd Wretches, who, abusing the Confidence of your Country, unite to plunder those ye promise to protect.

Luc. Am I then justified?

Fath. You are, your Father was my first and firmest Friend; I mourn'd his Loss; and long have sought for thee in vain, *Lucinda*.

Buck. Pray han't I some Merit in finding her? She's mine by the Custom of the Manor.

Fath. Yours—First study to deserve her; she's mine, Sir, I have just redeem'd this valuable Treasure; and shall not trust it in a Spendthrift's Hands.

Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Fath. Disclaim the Partners of your Riot, polish your Manners, reform your Pleasures, and, before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourself. And now, my beauteous Ward, we'll for the Land where first you saw the Light, and there endeavour to forget the long, long Bondage you have suffer'd here. I suppose, Sir, we shall have no Difficulty in

46 THE ENGLISHMAN, &c.

in persuading you to accompany us ; it is not in *France* I am to hope for your Reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate Son to *Paris* by Way of mending his Manners, only adds the Vices and Follies of that Country to those of his own.

F I N I S



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my Guardian's tyrannical Sway,
By a fortunate Voyage on a prosperous Day,
I am landed in England, and now must endeavour,
By some Means or other, to curry your Favour.

Of what Use to be freed from a Gallic Subjection,
Unless I'm secure of a British Protection?

Without Cash,---but one Friend---and he too just made,
Egad I've a Mind to set up some Trade.

Of what Sort! in the Papers I'll publish a Puff
Which won't fail to procure me Custom enough:

" That a Lady from Paris is lately arriv'd,

" Who with exquisite Art has nicely contriv'd

" The best Paint for the Face,---the best Paste for the Hands,

" A Water for Freckles, for Flushings, and Tans.

" She can teach you the melior Coeffeure for the Head,

" To lisp---amble---and simper---and put on the Red;

" To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,

" Um---no; that they already know pretty well here.

" The Beaux she instructs to bow with a Grace,

" The happiest Shrug,---the newest Grimace;

" To parler François,---fib, flatter, and dance,

" Which is very near all that they teach ye in France.

" Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the whole English

" Nation,

" But his Roughness she'll soften, his Figure she'll fashion.

" The merest John Trot in a Week you shall see

" Bien poli, bien frizé, tout à fait un Marquis."

What

EPILOGUE.

*What d'ye think of my Plan, is it form'd to your Gout
May I hope for Disciples in any of you?
Shall I tell you my Thoughts, without Guile, without Art
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at Heart.
Then take this Advice, which I give for her Sake,
You'll gain nothing by any Exchange you can make;
In a Country of Commerce, too great the Expence,
For their Baubles and Bows, to give your good Sense.*



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